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THE ALL NEW, ALL DARING

PETER PARKER THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

**SABRE-
TOOTH'S
BACK!**



AND THIS TIME,
HE'S OUT FOR
BLOOD!



Stan Lee PRESENTS:

CATFIGHT!



CONCUSSION: CONDITION OF DIZZINESS, MENTAL CONFUSION AND SOMETIMES UNCONSCIOUSNESS DUE TO A BLOW ON THE HEAD.

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, SOMEONE SUFFERING FROM CONCUSSION HAS TROUBLE JUST WALKING.

AND IF THAT SUFFERER IS TRYING TO SWING AROUND TOWN ON TWIN STRANDS OF WEBBING, EVEN IF THAT MAN HAS THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF A SPIDER, SUCH FEATS ARE NEARLY--

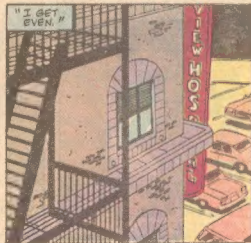
--IMPOSSIBLE!

I'VE...I'VE LOST MY BEARINGS! EVERYTHING'S SPINNING...

I CAN'T FIND THE BUILDING I WAS AIMING FOR!

PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™ Vol. 1, No. 119, October, 1986. (ISSN 0273-6632) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galt, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President. Production: OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1986 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and 95¢ in Canada. Subscription rate \$9.00 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, \$11.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.





GETTING EVEN. FOR SOME TIME NOW IT HAS BEEN THE OBSESSIVE THOUGHT OF THIS MAN.

AND IT HAS GONE FROM THOUGHT TO ALMOST SOLID OBJECT-- A BALL OF ROILING FURY SEEING THING IN HIS GUT.

GETTING EVEN WITH EVERYONE WHO HAS EVER BETRAYED HIM, OR LIED TO HIM, OR BEATEN HIM.

ESPECIALLY BEATEN HIM.

THROUGH THE BANDAGES THAT COVER HIS TORN AND SCARRED FACE, HE SEES ANOTHER ONE OF THEM. ANOTHER ONE OF THE BETRAYERS.

OH, HE HAS A PLEASANT ENOUGH DEMEANOR, A FRIENDLY VOICE-- WHICH MAKES THE BETRAYAL ALL THE MORE INSIDIOUS.

I WANT TO TELL YOU THE PROGNOSIS IS EXCELLENT. WITH SURGERY, PROPER MEDICATION, AND TIME...

WE CAN CURE YOUR...
CONDITION. YOU COULD BE
AS NORMAL AS ANYONE.

THE SAVAGERY
THAT DRIVES
YOU... YOU'D BE CURED
OF ALL OF IT. YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE TO
BE STRAPPED DOWN.

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

HE'LL BE THE
FIRST.

SABRETOOTH?
ARE YOU AWAKE?
IT'S DOCTOR
ROMAN.

SNAP!

YOU'RE
FIRST.



NO ONE WILL MISS HIM...
... HIS WALLET HAD NO
PHOTOS OF FAMILY, AND
A SINGLE TICKET FOR NEXT
TUESDAY'S PERFORMANCE
OF "CATS."

EACH BODY IS A STEPPING
STONE TO REGAINING WHAT
HE LOST. BUT HE HAS LOST
SO MUCH.



THERE MUST BE
MANY, MANY BODIES.



HEY TONY, BE SURE TO
GET MY COFFEE BLACK,
OKAY?

HONEY-
DOKE, JIM.
SAY DOC,
HOW'S THE
PATIENT?

DOC?
WHAT'S
WITH THE
CATSUP ON YOUR
HANDS?



CATSUP?

BLOOD!



HOLD IT!



THAT'S
TWO.



NO, PLEASE!
I'VE GOT A
WIFE--



-- A BABY ON
THE WAY!
PLEASE!



KRUN-
CH!



THAT'S
THREE.



BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH. NOT EVEN A
STARK. THE FURY SEETHES UN-
ABATED. THESE WERE JUST A
PRELIMINARY.

NOW BEGINS THE STRUGGLE TO
REGAIN THE LOST PRIDE, THE LOST
FEELING OF SELF-WORTH.

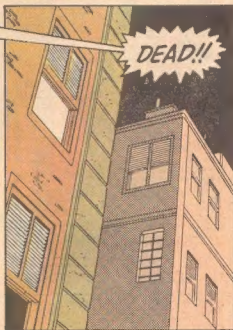


AND IT WILL BEGIN WITH THE MOST
RECENT DEFEAT.



SPIDER-MAN!
YOU DID THIS TO
ME! WHEREVER
YOU'RE HIDING,
I'LL FIND YOU!
I'LL RIP YOU
INSIDE
OUT.

YOU'RE DEAD,
SPIDER-MAN!
Y'HEAR?



DEAD!!



I DON'T WANT TO
TALK ABOUT IT.

YES
YOU
DO.

NO I DON'T.
AND YOU DON'T
WANT TO HEAR
ABOUT IT.

YES
I
DO



MJ, THE THINGS I GO THROUGH AS SPIDER-MAN...IT'S STUFF THAT'S GIVEN ME **ULCERS**.

WHAT KIND OF A FRIEND WOULD I BE IF I DUMPED ON YOU?

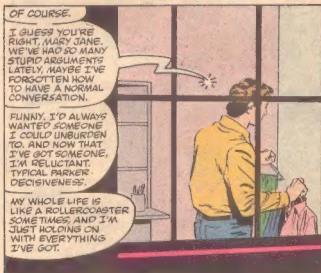
WHAT KIND OF FRIEND WOULD I BE IF I WEREN'T WILLING TO LISTEN, HUH?



BESIDES, IF I JUST HUNG OUT WAITING FOR **GOOD NEWS** FROM YOU, I'D GET OLD AND GRAY.



WELL... OLD, ANYWAY, AND **GRACEFULLY**, OF COURSE.



OF COURSE.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MARY JANE. WE'VE HAD SO MANY STUPID ARGUMENTS LATELY, MAYBE I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO HAVE A NORMAL CONVERSATION.

FUNNY, I'D ALWAYS WANTED SOMEONE I COULD UNBURDEN TO, AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT SOMEONE, I'M RELUCTANT. TYPICAL PARKER DECISIVENESS.

MY WHOLE LIFE IS LIKE A ROLLERCOASTER SOMETIMES, AND I'M JUST HOLDING ON WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT.



SPEAKING OF ROLLERCOASTERS, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE FIGHT I HAD WITH THE RHINO AND COMPANY, OUT IN CONEY ISLAND'S AMUSEMENT PARK.

WHEN THEY DUMPED THAT FERRIS WHEEL ON ME, I THOUGHT I'D HAD IT.



KRAASH



MJ! YOU OKAY?

YEAH. I'M FINE, TIGER.

MARY JANE, ARE YOU **SURE** YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MY BEING SPIDER-MAN?

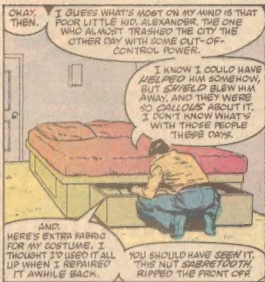


PETER, IT WAS JUST A GLASS. FOR PITY'S SAKE, PEOPLE DROP GLASSES ALL THE TIME...

IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT THEY'RE ON EDGE OVER FRIENDS...



...WHO RISK THEIR LIVES FOR A HOBBY.



OKAY, THEN.

I GUESS WHAT'S MOST ON MY MIND IS THAT POOR LITTLE KID, ALEXANDER, THE ONE WHO ALMOST TRASHED THE CITY THE OTHER DAY WITH SOME OUT-OF-CONTROL POWER.

I KNOW I COULD HAVE HELPED HIM SOMEHOW, BUT SHIELD BLEW HIM AWAY, AND THEY WERE SO CALLOUS ABOUT IT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WITH THOSE PEOPLE THESE DAYS.

AND, HERE'S EXTRA FABRIC FOR MY COSTUME. I THOUGHT I'D USED IT ALL UP WHEN I REPAIRED IT AWHILE BACK.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT. THIS NUT SABRETOOTH, RIPPED THE FRONT OFF



ONE INCH CLOSER AND HE'D HAVE DISMEMBERED ME!



HOW ABOUT THEM KNUCKS, HUH?

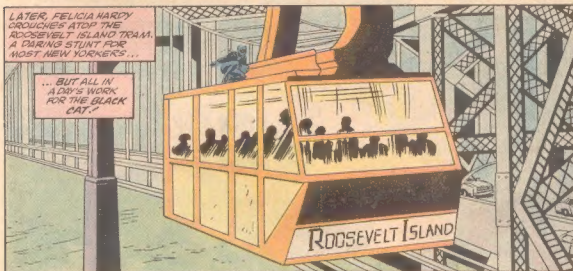


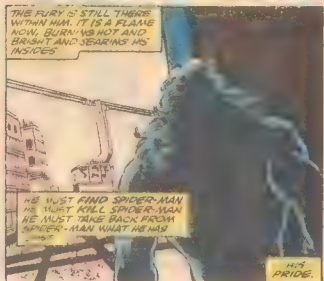
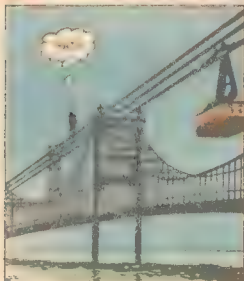
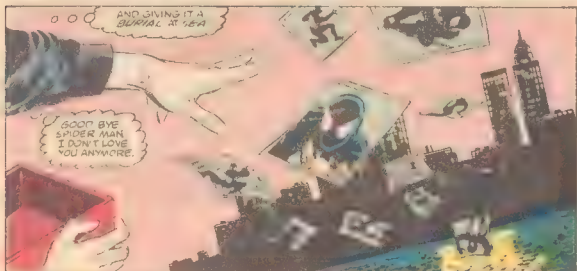
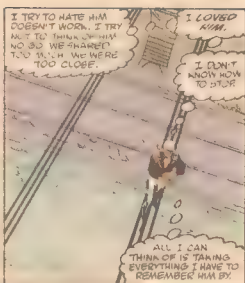
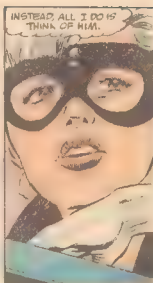
MJ, WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU'VE SUDDENLY DECIDED TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT?

OH, WOW. I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THESE.



WHAT IS IT, PETE? SOMETHING GOOD OR SOMETHING BAD?





HE HAS HAD THE STRAP OF CLOTH TURN FROM
THE CUFF OF HIS SLEEVES

THE NIGHT IS ALMOST COMPLETELY GONE BUT NO
WINTER IS BEING HEARD & SURELY WITH
THE MOUNTAINS ARE THERE FROM.

IT'S ALL AWAYN THE
NEEDLE F THE
MIND AND WHEN THE
NEEDLE IS AWAYN
WHEN HE WAS TRICKED
BY DRIPPING THE
WOBBLING FROM HIS
FACE

HE REMEMBERS THE WEDDING
- HE REMEMBERS THE SWEARING
MAN - HE REMEMBERS THE
LORD - HE REMEMBERS THE
LORD - HE REMEMBERS THE

100% COTTON
100% COTTON
BLACK & WHITE
CLEAN CLEAN

STAY PL
WJ I VE
NOT IT

BY THE WAY
I'VE NOTICED
THAT YOU HAVEN'T
INVITED ANY
SINGLE WOMEN

WHAT ARE WE
CHOPPED LIVER
SPLAINS IN
WHICH, WHO END
THE COOKING & THE
FOOD SMELLS
GREAT!

I SUPPOSE THAT GIRL
WHO INVITED US OVER
HELPED OUT RIGHT,
PETER? SHE THE
MAIN WOMAN IN
YOUR LIFE?

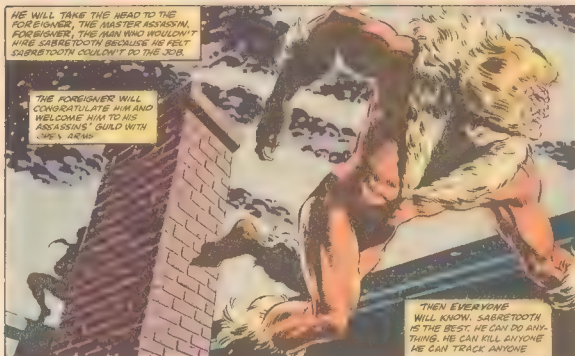
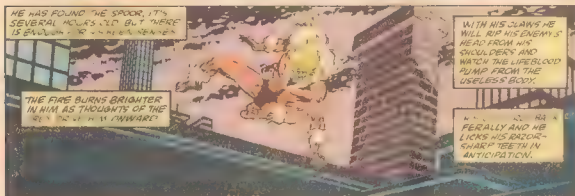
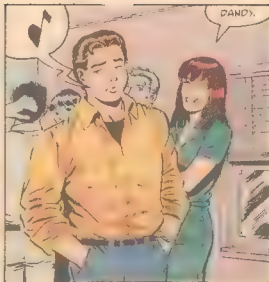
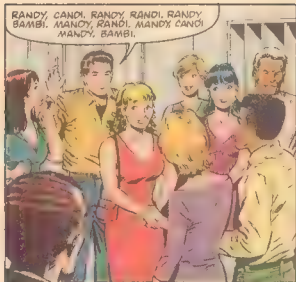
WUT A
FRIEND ACTUALLY
I'M SECRETLY
ENGAGED TO CYBIL
SHEPHERD

C. M. W. J.

ROBBIE, THESE ARE MY NEXT DOCK
'ENDHECK' AND 'RAN' AND 'BAMB'
(R. & T. IS JOE ROBERTSON MY
FATHER AT THE DOCK)

YOU'RE LUCKY PETE
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE
MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR
WAS AN OLD-YEAR-OLD
TUBA PLAYER

OH GIRLS, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO JOE'S SON
AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, RANDOLPH AND AMANDA



AND IF ANYONE WAS TRACKING HIM, NATURALLY HE'D KNOW IT INSTANTLY

UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE ONE DOING THE TRACKING STAYED UNKNOWN

HUNTED LIKE AN ANIMAL. THAT'S HOW THEY'RE TREATING POOR FLASH, HARRY

POOR FLASH? PETE, POOR FLASH KIDNAPED MY WIFE A FEW MONTHS BACK. POOR FLASH ALMOST CAUSED HER TO LOSE HER BABY.

POOR FLASH ALMOST MADE ME... WELL NEVER MIND. LET'S JUST SAY MY HEART DOESN'T EXACTLY BLEED FOR POOR FLASH

HARRY! YOU'VE KNOWN FLASH SINCE COLLEGE--I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HIGH SCHOOL. DO YOU REALLY THINK HE'S THE KIDNAPER?

OH... I DON'T KNOW, PETE. I MEAN, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ARRESTED HIM IF THEY WEREN'T SURE, RIGHT?

WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, HOW WOULD ANY OF US KNOW EACH OTHER?

WE ALL HAVE FACES WE SHOW TO THE WORLD AND OTHERS WE KEEP HIDDEN. SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHICH ONE IS THE REAL US.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED OF COURSE

AFTER ALL PETE, WE WERE ROOMIES ONCE. I'D BET MY LIFE THERE'S NOTHING YOU COULDN'T HIDDEN FROM ME.

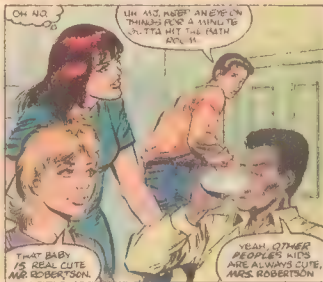
GUYS! PIZZA'S HERE! OLLIE OLLIE OXEN FREE!

GEE, I'M SO CLEVER. ALL THIS TIME AND I'VE STILL MANAGED TO DECEIVE MY BEST FRIEND HURRAY FOR ME

SPEAKING OF DIFFERENT FACES--

-- I HAVEN'T SEEN THE "LET'S PARTY" MARY JANE IN AGES.

I FEEL LIKE SHE'S DOING IT SOLELY FOR MY BENEFIT AND BROTHER. DO I APPRECIATE IT?







THE SPOOR HAS LED
HERE, IT'S OVER-
WHELMING THE PREY
TO FIND WHERE
HE IS.

THE DIFFICULT PART IS
OVER. NOW COMES
THE TIME OF BATTLE.

NOW COMES THE
SLAUGHTER.



UP THERE!
IT'S HIM!
SABRETOOTH!

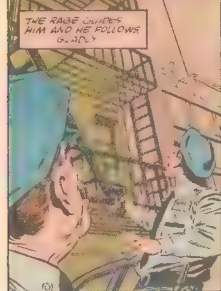


ROOOO!
R&D FOR
BACK-UP
HURRY!

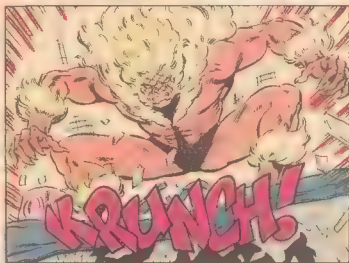


THERE

MORE BLOOD TO COVER
OVER THE SHAME. MORE
BLOOD TO WASH AWAY
THE HUMILIATION.



THE RAGE GUIDES
HIM AND HE FOLLOWS
GADGET.

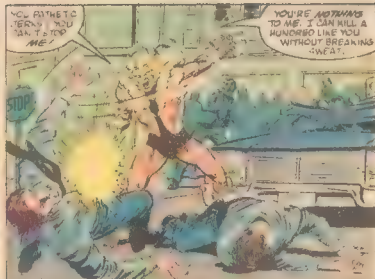


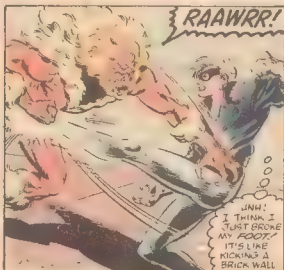
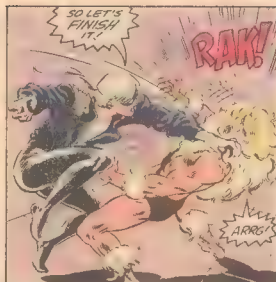
CRUNCH!

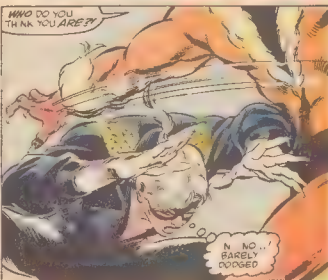
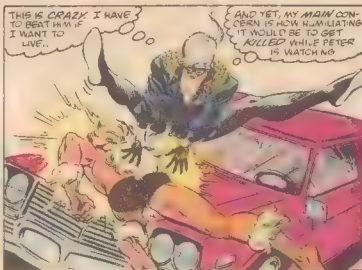


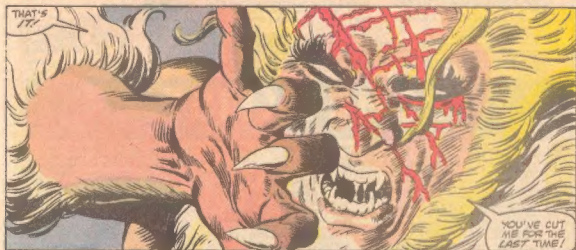
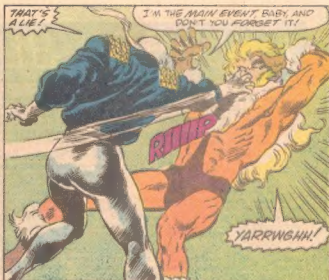
WHAPP!

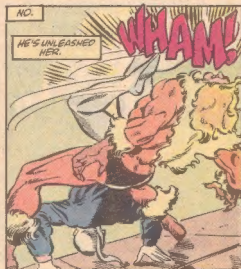
THAT'S
FOUR











THE COPS HALT, STUNNED BY THE PRIMAL FURY OF WHAT THEY WITNESS.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN, FELICIA SMASHES HIS FACE INTO THE CONCRETE.

HER THOUGHTS ARE INCOHERENT, HER SNARLS BARBLY HUMAN, AND HER RAGE...

...EVENTUALLY...

...HE SPENT.

ALL RIGHT, SABRE-TOOTH...

FREEZE.

I... DON'T BELIEVE IT.

SHE BEAT THAT BLOOD-THIRSTY KILLER... PULPED HIM.

YOU WANNA WAKE HIM TO READ HIM HIS RIGHTS, AL? GO RIGHT AHEAD.

MISS ON THE RECORD, WHAT YOU JUST DID WAS OUTTA LINE.

OFF THE RECORD, YOU GOT SUITS.

YEAH. GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T WIND UP ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK.

LEAN ON ME, HONEY. THAT LEG LOOKS PRETTY BAD.

KEEP HIM COVERED. AL I HEAR THE BACKUP COMING ALREADY.

I WANNA GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL, GET THAT LEG TAKEN CARE OF.

BEFORE IT GETS INFECTED.

SHE... SHE WINKED AT ME. AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US... AFTER WHAT I DID TO HER, SHE RISKED HER LIFE WITHOUT A THOUGHT...

...FOR ME.

MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT, LONG AFTER THE PARTY HAS ENDED...

I'D WRITTEN OFF OUR WHOLE RELATIONSHIP, BUT NOW... NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK.

I THOUGHT FELICIA COULDN'T BE TRUSTED. I THOUGHT SHE COULDN'T HOLD HER OWN IN A FIGHT.

DID SHE REALLY RISK HER LIFE JUST TO SHOW ME HOW MUCH I MEAN TO HER? IT'S INCREDIBLE.

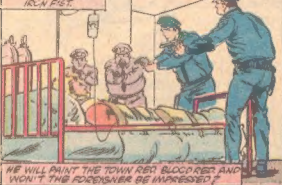
IT'S ONE THING WHEN WE WERE A COUPLE, BUT I BROKE IT OFF WITH HER, AND SHE STILL FOUGHT HIM, HELPING ME PROTECT THE PETER PARKER IDENTITY SHE COULDN'T STAND BEFORE.

WHY?

FIRST HE WILL KILL THE BLACK CAT, HE WILL ENJOY RENDING HER LIMB FROM LIMB.

THEN HE WILL KILL SPIDER-MAN, THEN POWER MAN AND IRON FIST.

AND THEN THE CON-
STRICTOR. DEAR
HEAVEN, THE BLOOD
WILL FLOW FREELY,
CLEANSING THE WOUND
OF THIS HUMILIATING
DEFEAT.



HE WILL PAINT THE TOWN RED BLOOD RED AND WON'T THE FOREIGNER BE IMPRESSED?

SO WHY DO I ENVY THE BLACK CAT, *ZZZZ*? BECAUSE SHE WAS WILLING TO PUT EVERYTHING ON THE LINE FOR PETER...

...THAT'S A PRETTY BIG "JUST." I LOOKED DOWN MY NOSE AT HER BEFORE. NOW, IF I MET HER, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'D SHAKE HER HAND OR SLAP HER.



I ADMIT, I'M IMPRESSED YOUR PERFORMANCE AGAINST SABRE-TOOTH CERTAINLY JUSTIFIED MY CONFIDENCE IN YOU.

FUNNY, I WASN'T QUITE AS CONFIDENT AS YOU, FOR-
SIGNER... CAN I CALL YOU FORRY?

NO.

OH, ANYWAY, IT WAS MY FIRST MAJOR VICTORY ON MY OWN...



AND THE FIRST STEP IN RE-GAINING SPIDER-MAN'S CONFIDENCE IN YOU, SO THAT WE CAN BRING HIM DOWN... PROVIDED HE SAW THE BATTLE, AS YOU SAY.

OH, HE SAW IT, BELIEVE ME, HE DID.

TELL ME, FELICIA... ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'RE NOT HIS WOMAN STILL, DEEP IN YOUR HEART?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M FINALLY MY OWN WOMAN.

BUT... LUCKY YOU... I'M WILLING TO SHARE.



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Rick Buckner
breakdowns

Bob McLeod
finishes

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